The Crisis

A Record of the Darker Races

Contents for June, 1926

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The Fighting Riff

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Future Numbers of

THE CRISIS

will contain

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"Colored Judges"

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 32 No. 2 JUNE, 1926 Whole No. 188

OPINION of W. E. B. DU BOIS

KRIGWA

WE HAVE RECEIVED in the Krigwa competition of 1926, 700 stories, plays, essays and drawings. The prizes, aggregating $600, will be awarded to the successful contestants Friday, October 15, 1926, in the ballroom of International House, Riverside Drive, New York City. At the same time, on the stage, one or more plays will be given by a band of Krigwa players.

There have been formed in the United States a half dozen or more Krigwa bands for the encouragement of Negro art and literature. Several of these are giving plays, especially the Krigwa players of New York City who have started at the 135th Street branch of the New York Public Library a Little Negro Theatre. They gave three plays in May in three performances.

In addition to this a most encouraging movement has come toward book buying. For instance, a few of the St. Louis public school teachers have organized the St. Louis "Book Chat Circle". Their joining fee is a subscription to THE CRISIS and their main purpose the buying of books written by Negroes. The circle is at present pledged to buy annually one book of Negro authorship for each four members.

THE AMERICAN FUND

IT MAY WELL PROVE TRUE that the American Fund for Public Service, popularly known as the Garland Fund, will become one of the main agencies for the emancipation of the American Negro. Its work for colored people has not been heralded, but it is of far-reaching importance. First and foremost, it did the square thing by the Negro race by appointing a colored man, James Weldon Johnson, on its Board of Directors. This is more than the General Education Board or even the John F. Slater Board has dared to do, although common justice demands it.

This Fund has helped to secure justice for the Virgin Islands; has contributed toward the trade union movement to organize Negro workers; has appropriated money to the National Urban League to study the relations of Negroes to trade unions; has appropriated money to THE CRISIS to study Negro common school education; and has helped the anti-lynching campaign and the Defense Fund of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The American Fund received from Charles Garland $901,555.90. It has spent in three years $310,126 and because of the increase in the value of the original gift it still has on hand a principal of $777,094.

THE HARMON AWARDS

THE TIME FOR CLOSING nominations for the Harmon awards has been extended until August 1, 1926.

The series of awards which William E. Harmon is making for distinguished achievement by Negroes, and in racial relations, under the direction of the Commission on the Church and Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches seeks to discover talent among the younger colored people that needs awakening. Many of them have the feeling that there is little use for a Negro to seek for excellence in certain lines. If these awards stimulate effort they are sure to discover ability not simply to the world but, what is much more important, to black folk themselves.

It is only necessary to impress upon candidates for these awards the necessity for hard work and real accomplishment. The award itself is a little thing compared with the power it may evoke.

CLEVELAND

CLEVELAND HAS HAD a lovely little economic mixup. Sometime ago when the Chamber of Commerce thought that the gates of immigration were permanently closed, they invited colored laborers to come to the city in large numbers. Recently the Chamber sees hope in certain bills before Congress of letting down the immigration bars and getting even cheaper and more docile labor than Negroes afford.

It appointed a committee to study the matter. One Southern member of this committee prepared an astonishing report. He attacked Negro labor, pointed to the housing conditions, threatened "Jim Crow" schools and bemoaned the condition of the Southern cotton planter. Before it could be considered, this report leaked out and was published in certain colored papers. Immediately the Chamber of Commerce went down on its knees to the colored voters, called in some distinguished Negroes and declared by all that was holy that this report did not express their sentiments at all. Since that they have been trying to find out just what those sentiments are and have not yet succeeded.

WANTED: A CHILD

DO YOU KNOW of a little homeless, parentless kiddie who would be glad of the home I have to offer it? I want to find a little girl, not over seven nor under three. But would take two girls not over seven, or a boy and girl, if brother and sister, and if the boy is the younger.

You must occasionally cross some little ones in need of home and all the love a hungry heart has to give.

Now about myself. I am a spinster, in my late forties. My family consists of my mother, the dearest old lady under heaven, and, part times, an elderly uncle.

Four years ago I lost a beloved sister, so there is a big empty place in my heart for some little girl to fill. We have a lovely home 1½ miles from ———. I own 80 acres of the finest farm in the country and am independent; better than all we have the "mother heart" that will make the real home for a motherless child. I was attracted by the picture of a little girl, one of a group of orphans, pictured in the December CRISIS. On inquiring I was told they were not sent out of the state. I was heart-broken. She reminded me of the "little girl" pictures of my sister.

Dear Dr. DuBois, if you will undertake this quest for me, write me please, and forgive me for intruding on your precious time. I can furnish you with references from the best people in ———, as I have lived here all my life.

Sincerely and anxiously yours,

———.

THE WORLD TOMORROW

THE SUSPENSION of *The World Tomorrow* is a public calamity. A nation that cannot support *The Freeman* and *The World Tomorrow;* that persecutes *The American Mercury* and gives but half-hearted support to *The New Republic* and *The Nation,* is not thoroughly civilized. It makes no difference whether one agrees with all that is printed in these periodicals or not. If we are going to learn we have got to listen to ideas which we do not know and which we do not accept. It is the herd instinct in America which is creating a mass of fools who will only listen to what they have already heard, do what they have already done and say what they have already said.

In its struggle of eight years *The World Tomorrow* with its fine, free outlook and devotion to high ideals has more than justified its existence. This, in the United States of 1926, is the chief reason for its death.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A COLORED SOLICITOR from an old and well-known Negro college approached a rich Western philanthropist for a continuation of his donation. The philanthropist answered "No!" He said that he was disgusted at the attitude of the colored people at Fisk University, at Howard and elsewhere. He declared that if the alumni had fought their own battle at Fisk without dragging in the students he would have been better satisfied. But at any rate, if the colored people were going to run their own colleges, let them support them.

It is clear that the demand of Negroes to have a voice in the education of their children is going more and more to meet this attitude. This philanthropist is absolutely wrong concerning Fisk University. The alumni did not ask the students to help them in their fight. They did not dream of a student revolt. They would have advised against it strongly had they known it was coming. Nevertheless, when it did come and of its own accord, it strengthened the hands of the alumni and made decisive the outcome.

But this is aside from the main contention. Black folk are determined to have a voice in their own colleges and if the price they must pay for this is the loss of the necessary support from white philanthropists and the consequent death of many of their sorely needed institutions, then death let it be.

If our own private colleges decrease in number we must increase the amount of state and federal aid of our higher education and we must send larger and larger numbers of black students to the white institutions. The demand for higher education among Negroes is increasing. The Slater Fund reports among Negro colleges:

> The outstanding fact about the colleges is the remarkable increase in the number of students in regular college classes looking to degree. In 1920-21 the regular college students in the sixteen institutions given above was 1062; in 1924-25 the number was 2123, that is, in five years the number was almost exactly doubled. In forty leading institutions, including the above, the number of regular college students in 1920-21 was 1601; in 1924-25 the number was 4084. This increase has come in spite of the fact that there has been a general increase in strictness of requirements.

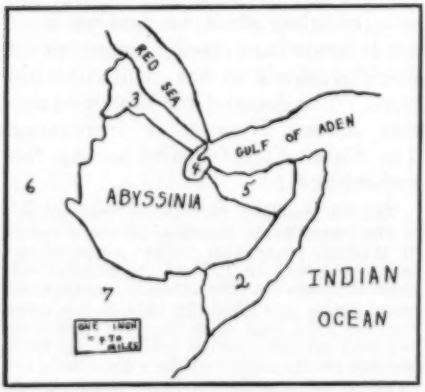
On the other hand it is encouraging to see that the movement for scholarships and the support of Negroes in college is growing. We have noted the scholarship fund of the Elks; and now come the Masons. The United Supreme Council, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masons, has awarded two scholarships of $200 each to students at Wilberforce and Colgate. Other fraternities and, above all, the churches are yet to be heard from.

But let us not delay, and make no

mistake about it: Negro higher education is going to be supported by Negroes themselves and by public taxation or it is going to cease to function.

ITALY AND ABYSSINIA

ITALY WANTS to become more imperial. By so doing she will distract the attention of her citizens and direct it toward the glories of ancient Rome. When Mussolini looks for territory in which Italy may expand, whither does he cast his eye? Let no foolish person think that he is going to war in order to seize territory from France in Africa or in



ABYSSINIA

2, 3: Italian Africa
4: French Somaliland
5, 6, 7: British Protectorates

Syria; or that he has any idea of threatening the British Empire; or that he is going even to attack Turkey unless he can get some foolish little country like Greece to do it for him.

What Italy wants is Abyssinia. She has wanted Abyssinia a long time. When the Mahdi overthrew the English in the Sudan, the English with great generosity gave Italy the chance to seize Abyssinia and Italy foolishly attempted it. But at the great Battle of Adua, March 1, 1896, the Abyssinians, under the leadership of Menelik and the Empress Taitou, killed four thousand Italians and captured two thousand prisoners. Since then England, France and Italy have been content to draw a cordon around Abyssinia and bide their time. They have tied up her economic resources, taxed her exports and imports and mortgaged her railroads and such other tangible assets as they could get hold of. It is time now for a further step.

In the secret Treaty of London which induced Italy to desert her allies, Germany and Austria, and to take active part with England and France, Italy was promised not only increase of territory at the expense of Austria, but the right to extend her possessions in "Eritrea, Somaliland and Libya"; and since these extensions could not be into the ocean, they must be into Abyssinia. With a number of fine flourishes, Italy is now demanding cash for this check and although the Treaty of Versailles, the League of Nations and the Peace of Locarno stand straight across her path, there is every reason to believe that England would be delighted to have Italy in Abyssinia and that France would offer no great objection. Indeed, the only country that is offering any open objection to this high-handed program of theft, lying and slavery is Soviet Russia.

Yet the world has seen the path preparing for many a day. First there was the righteous horror of England against "slavery" in Abyssinia. Then there was the problem of allowing arms to be "smuggled" into Abyssinia. And then there was the unexpected and unwelcomed and yet effusively received visit of Ras Tafari to Europe. Only America with blunt boorishness refused him hospitality.

Here then is the problem and the program and already Italy is begin-

ning actual aggression by putting down, with world applause, a "rebellion" in Somaliland.

ZION IN AFRICA

IN THE APRIL CRISIS we printed a letter criticizing severely the A. M. E. Zion Church for its failure in the West Africa Mission work. We have received from the missionary Secretary of the church certain printed matter in answer to the allegations of that letter.

The first criticism of this answer is one of bad bookkeeping. It would be difficult for an expert to find out just what has been received for missions and what has been expended. It is quite possible that there has been some extravagance and waste of funds, but there could be no proof of this without a better system of financial reports.

On the other hand, the real difficulty is absolutely clear. The A. M. E. Zion Church is trying to carry on missionary work in Liberia and on the Gold Coast of West Africa at the total expense of about $11,000 a year, including the travels of Bishop and missionaries; but not including apparently the salary of the Bishop. From June, 1924, to December 31, 1925, the total expense was $21,496. Without further investigation it may be said flatly that no adequate mission work over a territory a thousand miles or more in length, embracing between five and ten millions of people and situated three thousand miles from home base, can be carried on for such a sum of money. It means inadequate supervision, small salaries, or none, and ineffective work. It is nonsense to think that ministers or other folk who happen to be good and self-sacrificing can be sent to Africa to live on prayer.

Here, for instance, is the Mount Coffee Mission in Liberia, which received during 1925, $1443 in cash and supplies and has a hundred acres of land and thirty-five children. Two missionaries are supposed to conduct this institution and make it a success with these funds. It is absolutely impossible.

What is needed in West Africa is first, a delimitation of the missionary field. The African Methodist, the Zion Church and the Baptist ought to divide up the field: one of them working in Liberia; one on the Gold Coast; one in Nigeria. Each of them ought to spend at least $50,000 a year in small, well-organized African work, consisting of education, industry and social uplift, and carried on by educated people of good character who are paid salaries of at least $2,500 a year and traveling expenses; and who are allowed six months' rest at home with salary every three years. Anything less than this program is nonsense and waste.

STANDARD LIFE

THERE HAS ALWAYS seemed to the minds of many something a little queer about the failure of the Negro owners of the Standard Life Insurance company. Here was a property worth three million dollars, with twenty-seven million dollars of insurance in force, solvent and prosperous, with its stock selling in the market at 200 per cent above par, which is suddenly "lost" to its owners. THE CRISIS explained this at the time as a not unusual result of over-expansion in borrowing money for outside enterprises which were legitimate but unsuccessful.

There has been brought, however, a suit in the District Court of the United States, Eastern District of Missouri, by Charles H. Brown for himself and in behalf of other stockholders, which declares that the Standard Life Insurance Company was not really lost but illegally seized by the white Southern Insurance

Company as a result of fraudulent collusion; and suit is brought to have the property duly restored. Meantime the Southern Insurance Company is reported to have sold the Standard to an Arkansas corporation.

Whatever the outcome of this suit may be, the Standard Life, although dominated by Southern whites, is still a solvent, valuable property and it is to be sincerely hoped that if the facts alleged in this suit are true justice will be done its colored owners. The attorney for the plaintiff in the case is Alexander H. Martin of Cleveland, Ohio.

BY THE WAY

THE GREAT CORNER which we have turned in inter-racial progress in the United States is this: today the presence of Negro blood in a human being is not a conclusive and unanswerable fact as to the way in which he should be treated and the opportunities which should be open to him. This is a great step in 25 years.—The John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, which assists young American scholars and artists, has taken a step this year which partially redeems its unfortunate mistake of last year. Last year it appointed as scholar a Negro who had no claims to scholarship and whose only possible reason for receiving the award was that he was a "good" Negro. This year in appointing Dr. Julian Herman Lewis, Assistant Professor of Pathology, University of Chicago, the Fund has appointed a scholar and a gentleman who also happens to be of Negro descent.——President Coolidge deplores the fact that people do not vote. Dangerous, dangerous ground! The r e a s o n Americans do not vote is because the rulers of America do not wish them to vote and discourage voting and ridicule it and make it ineffective. In the South particularly, voting is nonsense. Why should Negroes vote? It means loss of job, trouble, fighting and no results. Why should white people vote? There is only one thing to vote about and that is the Negro, consequently no one votes except the politicians. If President Coolidge and the Republican Party want voting in the North they should see that there is effective voting in the South. If they want voting in the South they should enforce the 14th Amendment and disfranchise the disfranchisers.——Trade unions take every advantage of race prejudice to fasten their monopoly on jobs. It is the white barbers' union in Atlanta that seized upon the bobbing of white women's hair to further their long effort toward driving the Negro out of the barber business. The white trade unionists of the South and largely of the North have disfranchised, mobbed and starved the colored man and yet Mr. William Green of the A. F. of L. loves the black man like his own brother.——The strike in England is the beginning of the great war after the War and a second step behind Russia for realizing industrial democracy in the world. Call it Revolution if you will, but every great forward step is revolution; and revolution does not necessarily mean bloodshed. But it does mean an overthrow of privilege, a readjustment of income and the consequent putting of power into new places and into the hands of new people. The British aristocracy must surrender soon some of the extraordinary power which it has, not only in England but in the world.

For our annual August Education Number, ready July 15, *we are soliciting photographs of* 1926 *college and professional graduates. All material should be in our hands by June* 15.

Swamp Judgment

A Story of Distinction from the CRISIS *Contest of* 1925

BY N. B. YOUNG, JR.

HE was not sure that he had even reached the main stretch of the Big Swamp. Yet already it was a difficult task to keep a definite course in such a confusion of canebrake and undergrowth. And if he should be moving in a circle! The thought chilled him.

From the light streaks in the sky overhead he could reckon the way the sun was setting. That was his course—due west with the sun. Somewhere in that direction was the other side of Big Swamp—"thirty miles as the crow flies" he had always heard.

His strength was still with him, even his mended leg had but a tingle of pain in it. On the night he had been wounded in France he had crawled back to first aid, miles it seemed then. He could never forget the Argonne Forest and the chill rains, the spongy, shell-torn areas, the thickets from behind which sputtered juts of death. Nor could he forget October ninth, 1918, while helping to drag a gun through the mire he went down, his left leg throbbing. And here it was another October and another torture. Several times already he had run into boggy stretches worse than anything he saw in France. As he jogged on, voracious mosquitoes struck him with unrelenting force and frogs sprang from under his feet. With every few steps he would turn to avoid the slimy green puddles set amid the crowding undergrowth like cankered eyes. The deeper in, the more tedious the passage; already his trousers were drenched and frazzled from the briers.

There was still enough light filtering through the dense foliage to allow him to keep bearing due west, which was the only way, his only hope of reaching Big Creek, the western boundary of Big Swamp. Then a few miles south and he would cross the Alabama line into Florida.

Something brought him to a halt. He lifted his head to make sure. It was the seven o'clock train into Andalusia and the only railroad within a hundred miles of the Big Swamp. There was no mistaking its whistle. It pushed him off to a new start. He had not covered as much ground as he had thought, hardly more than nine or ten miles into the swamp. With them on his trail by now, what if, moving in a circle, he should emerge right into their midst? He had lost his only weapon while fording Little Cedar river. It would be the beginning of the most terrible thing that could happen to him.

To increase his alarm the shadowy darkness had now a strangled grasp on the swamp; the mosquitoes were more desperate and their singing nagging to the ears. Mosquitoes had been biting him all his life, but none like these. Their stings even took his attention from the first pangs of pain in his old leg wound. With them plaguing his face and hands he could not stop and rest if he wanted to. But regardless of the mosquitoes he would have to rest some before he was out of the swamp. Once already he had sprawled in the ooze and twice he had avoided the fangs of a sluggish cotton-mouth moccasin. However, he had the same feeling about snake bite as he had about dying in France. It happened or it didn't happen.

As long as he could keep going his leg would not get stiff, and if he kept his bearing the better his chances of getting through. He had often thought the trenches overrun with vermin had been the very bottom of earthly anguish, but now he knew the batter-like ooze in its dank surrounding was worse. Yet, what he was fleeing from would out-torture both experiences.

The thoughts of what he was escaping kindled a new sheath of strength in him. The black swamp night had conquered. Overhead through the occasional break in the foliage no stars were visible, they are seldom visible in the swamp because of the miasmal fog that hangs in the tops of the dense growth. A deep ancestral instinct alone must keep him moving westward through the drenched jungle. At times he was forced to pause to get his bearing and each time the grim cold fingers of the swamp began to play up and down his back.

The denim shirt and blue jumper coat so ample the day before were now but a tissue against the subtle hammock cold.

He moved on, splashing heavily through ankle-deep slush. How it would be possible for them to follow his trail his mind never questioned. He knew they *would* follow at all cost and overtake him if he didn't keep moving. With torches and hounds they would gain an advantage through the night anyway.

At last a dry stretch beneath his feet to recharge his determination. But not very long. A lightning cry of a lost soul nearby caused him to fall to a crouching position. Nothing so unphysical could more pierce human flesh than such a cry. Again it shattered him and he was aware of the soft rustling of a great pair of wings past his head. Frozen, he waited for his senses to thaw. The great hoot-owl, winged panther of the night, was on its rampage. He waited for another shivering cry only to hear a feeble screeching of some unlucky prey alarmed from its warm rut into the tallons of death. Strangely, he remembered he had long ago believed that the swamp meant death. Now he knew it.

Discounting the whirl of pestering mosquitoes, the low silence of the swamp was on again. This time it took an effort to get his leg into motion, but it had to be done or else he would fall victim to other harbingers of death pressing upon him through the swamp night. . . .

The first faint bit of light found him crowding on, now by sheer grit. And with the cold fingering at his very vitals he suddenly realized that he needed food as well as rest. But the swamp had little to offer, the water was certain poison, the density of growth bore no edible fruit and the boggy, infested ground was no place upon which to drop one's body. However, the leg was dragging him and he had to stop.

An ancient moss-draped cypress offered a place between its protruding knees to snatch the imperative rest. Raking together the scattered bits of drenched moss and humus he dropped onto it and into a sleep. . . .

Not until the sun's rays came down perpendicular did he stir. There was a nettle-like tickling in his face which he brushed at with his hand unaware of the spider and the web she had attached to him. Another sweep of hand carried the trap, its maker and impaneled prey into ruin.

He came up with a start. His hands and face were punctured with mosquito bites, his lower limbs numb and his eyes filled with a shimmering of mud, roots and leaves. For some minutes he lay back prone recollecting slowly the desperate escape he had made. After he had seen his wife and children knocked down when they refused to tell where he was, he had stepped out from his hiding and pulled the trigger of the old army automatic until it refused to spit fire, running away amid a shower of whizzing bullets. And what was it all about? His memory was yet dulled; all that came to him was that his overlord had come to collect for rations gotten at the plantation commissary when only a week before he had turned in three bales of cotton and cleared everything up. . . . And when they had come back for him with the long blacksnake whip he had toppled over two of them. . . .

A kingfisher rattled its metallic cry as it darted above him; a moment later the echo of it came back. He sat up with a jerk. His eyes were wide open, his dry lips drawn back, his hands twitching. The blurred rattle of the kingfisher he heard again, but something else had undeniably reached his ears—the distant "yelp, yelp—yelp, yelp".

They were coming fast. He tried to raise his body and floundered. His leg was stone. He must get himself up in a few minutes or else—

"Yelp, yelp—yelp, yelp", steady and approaching. The bloodhounds were perhaps leading by half a mile or more. "Yelp, yelp—yelp, yelp"—they came in bolder, as does the baying of bloodhound when the trail becomes surer.

Not able to raise himself he had drawn his body to a crawling position and found that with his hands he could drag his body. From their yelping the dogs were closing in rapidly and unless he could get to his feet he would in short be surrounded. Again he attempted to place his weight on his leg and the result was a flattening of himself in the mud. He determined to catch his breath and make one more effort; if he could gain his feet he could drag on and possibly cross the dogs by circling his trail, giving him time to make his escape.

Then, in less than a stone's throw came a victorious "yelp, yelp, yelp" throated by the lead dog and echoed by the others. They were coming upon him without seeing him. "Whoopee, whoopee", sounded a human voice to the rear of the dogs and he realized they were too near now even for hope. Already he could hear the rustling of undergrowth.

Out of unmixed fear and not counting the griping pain in his leg he began rolling over and over through the slush. The lead hound had come within sight of him now and was baying to the tallest cypress his finding. The whole swamp seemed to be suddenly alive from all directions. "Whoopee, whoopee", echoed in other voices. Three shots rang in succession. That was the signal. In a few minutes they would have a rope around his neck ready to drag him back over those hellish miles he had struggled through. The choking hemp rope, the jeers, the agony, the fagots piled ready for the match—as they passed his mental eye there was a physical squelching.

He had rolled himself against a cypress sapling just off the edge of a stagnant pool of greenish water and was ready to shut his eyes to it all when a slow vibration in the scum of water caught his attention. When he realized what it was he did not flinch, he was smiling and did not know it.

To his back now voices were heard amid the baying of the dogs. One glance back and he pushed his ebon leg right out at the wavering head—

The water-moccasin is sloven of body but quick in thrust of its deadly fangs, carrying the deadliest attack in the swamp. And the swamp had not deceived him. It meant death.

Othello, the African

BY ALICE WERNER

Sometime Scholar and Fellow of Newnham College, Professor of Swahili and Bantu Languages, School of Oriental Languages, London University, England.

"SHAKESPEARE . . . calls his antagonist a Moor; but it is quite unreasonable to suppose from this that he thought of him as a Negro . . . The Moor ought to be represented as an Arab." Thus D. George Brandes, in his admirable introduction to Heinemann's edition of *Othello* (1904).

Coleridge entertained much the same view (*Table Talk*, December 29, 1822; and more than one passage in his *Lectures*)—a view only to be accounted for by the prejudices which had become associated with the name of Negro. These prejudices were natural enough, considering that the slave-trade had familiarized Europe chiefly with the more grotesque and degraded types of the African race, thus giving rise to the conception which Livingston, after coming in contact with the real thing, was at such pains to dispel.

There are sufficient indications in the play that Shakespeare had the Negro and not the Arab type in mind: the "thick lips", and the repeated references to "blackness", which cannot be understood of anything but the real African tint. "Moor", in the Middle Ages, and indeed later, was an elastic term, the use of which proves nothing, neither can "Mauritania" be stressed, as is done by Brandes.

Still more conclusive is Shakespeare's conception of his character. He is not the touchy, haughty, fantastic Arab; Coleridge surely never made a greater mistake than in saying, "Shakespeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time". *The caballeros Granadinos, aunque Moros, hijos d'algo* prided themselves on the very qualities which are conspicuous by their absence in Othello. But anyone who has lived in Africa and been fortunate enough to come in contact with the better kind of Zulus or Basuto or a dozen other tribes one might mention will at once recognize the "Moor" as their kinsman. There is a great-hearted simplicity, a boundless capacity for affection and reverence, in the African character, of which Coleridge would not seem to have had the faintest suspicion. But, in fact, he betrays a curious ignorance—curious, considering the encyclopaedic character of his

general knowledge—when he says: "Can we imagine [Shakespeare] so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarian Negro plead royal birth—at a time, too, when Negroes were not known, except as slaves?" This seems a very rash assertion, when we remember that, in 1486, the King of Benin sent an embassy to the King of Portugal, requesting the latter to send Christian priests to instruct his people. The Kings of Congo were potentates recognized and treated with by Portugal in Shakespeare's day; and though much cheap wit has been expended on the way in which mediaeval travellers applied royal titles to "savage" African chiefs, it is certain that some, at least, of the said chiefs were quite as much kings as those of the Heptarchy.*

But, when he can get away from the question of Othello's nationality, Coleridge—surely the prince of Shakespeare critics, when all is said and done—does full justice to his character. "Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; rather an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her . . . In addition to this his honor was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honor was compromised."

To my mind, the chief difficulty of the play lies in the ease with which Othello succumbs to Iago's suggestion. But then Iago was a trusted friend of long standing (how he had come to accept and idealize him in the first instance, perhaps something in his earlier history, if we knew it, would explain), and this pathetic trust, unshakable till confronted with the most flagrant and irrefutable evidence of treachery, is a marked feature of the African's character. It has—alas! for us—more than once been illustrated in the relations between British administrators and native tribes. Besides that, it is my conviction that Othello did not know very much about women. He must have been cut off early from contact with those of his own race, and from those of another he was severed, —till it gradually dissolved under his growing belief in Desdemona's love for him, by the barrier of mingled pride, shyness and superstitious awe, which is a very real thing to the unspoiled African. That barrier has, in some cases, been broken down in a very different way, chiefly through the fault of those who are loudest in denouncing the morals of the black race. Till Othello met Desdemona, his life had been filled by the cares of war and state, by a devotion to the "State of Venice" that recalls the attitude of Moshesh or Khama to British rule as embodied in Queen Victoria; and, perhaps, we may surmise, by a whole-hearted hero-worship of some splendid Venetian captain.

I cannot see the shadow of an excuse for believing, with some critics, that there is any ground for Iago's insinuations against Othello and Emilia (I, III, 393; II, I, 304). I very much doubt whether Iago, in his heart, believed them himself. Not that one would maintain Othello to have been incapable of ordinary human frailties, but he was incapable of treachery; and it is simply inconceivable that a man of his character, if he had been betrayed into such an act, could have continued to treat Iago as a friend. It seems to me that Iago's first allusion to the subject conveys a hint that he was deliberately cultivating such a suspicion for his own purposes. How far he succeeded in convincing himself must be a matter of opinion.

That Shakespeare intended this tremendous tragedy mainly as a thesis on the color question, one may well doubt. The "color feeling" was less strong in the Middle Ages than it is today; one suspects it to have grown with the African slave-trade and its consequent evils. That it existed in Shakespeare's own time, there is abundant evidence in the play itself, but we also gather that it is far from universal. Iago recognizes it in Brabantio and Roderigo and plays upon it for his own purposes; but the attitude of the Duke and the Senators shows no trace of it.

Certainly, Othello on the stage should be black, or rather—for absolutely black people are in a minority, even in Africa—some shade of dark brown, like Khama, or Dinuzulu, or Lewanika, or Daudi Chwa of Uganda. And it ought to be clear by this time of day that his color does not make him into a Christy Minstrel.

*The Seven Kingdoms which united to form England.

A Great Prelate

Bishop Lee at Home

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

THE love of one's fellow men—there is no overlooking this foremost of laws. It alone makes possible adherence to the other commandments. My father entertained ill feeling toward none. He could never consider any man his enemy.

Next to a lofty regard for humanity was his love of home. He kept fresh within his heart a profound devotion to his boyhood home in Bridgeton, New Jersey. I recall an incident of recent date. Father was trying a pen, and with it he wrote, "Bridgeton, New Jersey, Bridgeton, New Jersey, Bridgeton, New Jersey".

This may seem a trivial incident. But at the time it impressed me because instead of writing the words with his old ease and vigor my father was penning them almost laboriously, his expression intent. Removed from Bridgeton not so greatly by distance as by decades my father nevertheless referred to it till the last as "home".

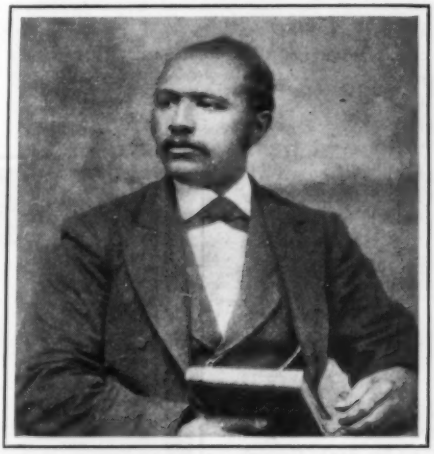
John Burroughs'

"One may go back to the scenes of his birth,
He cannot return to his youth"

set me to wondering if my father's visits to the surroundings of boyhood years where he and the late Chaplain Steward as sons of the Gould sisters, Sarah and Rebecca respectively, had explored the cranberry bogs and listened to the killdees, were ever clouded by such disillusionment.

There was grandmother's quaint old covered well with a chain to wind and unwind in adjusting the bucket. There were the old knarled apple trees, rejuvenated each spring with white daubs of bloom. There was the ancient treadmill where as children visiting from Philadelphia we watched Uncle William's horses climbing and climbing and climbing the machine to thrash the grain. There were the horses of iron gray and horses of bay color at this home of my father—just out of Bridgeton, Cumberland County—called Gouldtown, where for almost three centuries the Goulds have lived as landowners.

When in 1864 father took leave of this home to come as a student to Wilberforce, he was not bidding permanent farewell to his widowed mother.



B. F. LEE
President of Wilberforce University, 1873

I have observed that those who go deepest into the world's heart are those who have hearts for home. Humanity's lights, Pasteur, Millet, Mistral, how each of these preserved the tenderest yearnings toward the little home just without the city of his achievement!

Nine years after my father's entering Wilberforce University he was elected as instructor in homiletics and kindred subjects, and then president, in 1873, succeeding Bishop D. A. Payne, the first president of Wilberforce. After eight years of service in this capacity my father was appointed by the General Conference of 1884 to the editorship of the official organ of the A. M. E. Church, "The Christian Recorder", published in Philadelphia. He served here from 1884 to 1892, at the close of which period he was elected to the African Methodist Episcopal bishopric. His first diocese included Louisiana, Texas, Washington and Oregon.

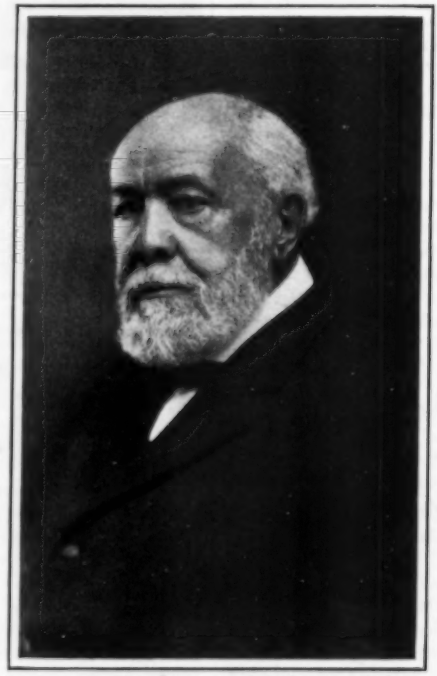
The second appointment, 1896, was the Third Episcopal District, comprising among

other states, Ohio. He moved his family to Wilberforce that spring to settle permanently.

From here in 1923 my father went out to again supervise the work on the Pacific Coast, the diocese to which he had gone from Philadelphia in 1892. However, in the meantime, he had presided over territory extending from east to west, north to south, had twice been representative of the church at the Ecumenical Conference, at England and in Canada.

He was to close active service with the beloved west. He, measuring life vastly, enjoyed the boundless grandeur of this section. He had founded the Puget Sound Conference in 1892. In 1923 he stood at the Sound to cross from Tacoma to Seattle. He would go by boat, though others suggested rail. I can never forget his enjoyment of that Puget Sound trip. His father in youth had been a seaman

"I wish your mother were here to enjoy this," he sighed, for they had made the trip together in 1895.



BISHOP BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LEE

I was about to remark how great was my father's love for the ministers of the west, but he also loved those of the east, those in the north, those in the south. He summed his duty to all in this admonition when preaching to ministers once from the fifteenth chapter of John, the first to eleventh verses: "Throw your lives out to those who need to be fed and God will enlarge your stock".

It was his delight to be among the brethren as counselor. His other joy was to be at home. Many times have I listened to him softly singing as he pounded the arms of the seat for accompaniment, "We're homeward bound, far out upon the billows". This would be as we turned toward Wilberforce at the close of the conference season. For Wilberforce was home indeed.

To see that every one within the house was happy had long been my father's idea of applying well his time at home. Within recent years he committed with me for my help two poems: Eugene Field's "Wanderer", in which he especially enjoyed these lines,

"And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever leagues and leagues away,
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home, sing, O my home, of thee."

The other, "Crossing the Bar", "When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home." There was once more the word "home".

Home to be an ideal place with him must lie well without the city and must have the fellowship of — Books? Children? Yes, but also of trees, which I believe, because of their grandeur, he loved even more than flowers. He studied the trees and knew them. The grand elms and oaks, the gracious beech trees—but he loved them *all*. He used to troll a song borne with him onward from childhood of the "Brave old oak that had stood in the greenwood so long".

And speaking of songs. Among favorite tunes that father would sing about the house was the established old fashion common meter air of "Dundee". He loved to launch his deep voice upon these profound

and worshipful strains. How well he liked to sing also "Brightest and best of the suns of the morning", with its rich rhythmic tune.

Indeed for April 5, 1926, there is no other entry in my father's diary but this, " 'Brightest and best of the suns of the morning'—JESUS."

It would be impossible to describe the manner in which his presence remains in the home. He consoles us. He counsels us. For he said from his pillow that he would "live in our hearts". He tried to leave free of desolution this earth home and those he loved.

* * *

We are sure our readers would like to know the face of Effie Lee Newsome, daughtor of the late Bishop Lee and author of the delightful "Little Page" which appears frequently in THE CRISIS.

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

The Negro in Art

How Shall He Be Portrayed

A Symposium

WE have asked the artists of the world these questions:

1. When the artist, black or white, portrays Negro characters is he under any obligations or limitations as to the sort of character he will portray?

2. Can any author be criticized for painting the worst or the best characters of a group?

3. Can publishers be criticized for refusing to handle novels that portray Negroes of education and accomplishment, on the ground that these characters are no different from white folk and therefore not interesting?

4. What are Negroes to do when they are continually painted at their worst and judged by the public as they are painted?

5. Does the situation of the educated Negro in America with its pathos, humiliation and tragedy call for artistic treatment at least as sincere and sympathetic as "Porgy" received?

6. Is not the continual portrayal of the sordid, foolish and criminal among Negroes convincing the world that this and this alone is really and essentially Negroid, and preventing white artists from knowing any other types and preventing black artists from daring to paint them?

7. Is there not a real danger that young colored writers will be tempted to follow the popular trend in portraying Negro character in the underworld rather than seeking to paint the truth about themselves and their own social class?

Here are some answers. More will follow:

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1. No.

2. No. Unless in a long series of articles he invariably chooses the worst types and paints them, even though truthfully, with evident malice.

3. I should think so. And what is more, it seems to me that white people should be the first to voice this criticism. Aren't *they* supposed to be interesting?

4. They must protest strongly and get their protestations before the public. But more than that they must learn to write with a humor, a pathos, a sincerity so evident and a delineation so fine and distinctive that their portraits, even of the "best Negroes", those presumably most like "white folks", will be acceptable to publisher and reader alike.

But above all colored people must be the buyers of these books for which they clamor. When they buy 50,000 copies of a good novel about colored people by a colored author, publishers will produce books,

even those that depict the Negro as an angel on earth,—and the public in general will buy 50,000 copies more to find out what it's all about. Most best sellers are not born,—they're made.

5. I should say so.

6. I think this is true. And here I blame the publisher for not being a "better sport". Most of them seem to have an *idee fixe*. They, even more than the public, I do believe, persist in considering only certain types of Negroes interesting and if an author presents a variant they fear that the public either won't believe in it or won't "stand for it". Whereas I have learned from an interesting and rather broad experience gleaned from speaking before white groups that many, many of these people are keenly interested in learning about the better class of colored people. They are quite willing to be shown.

7. Emphatically. This is a grave danger making for a literary insincerity both insidious and abominable.

JESSIE FAUSET.

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1. An artist must be free; he can not be bound by any artificial restrictions. At the same time we heartily wish that so many artists would not prefer today to portray only what is vulgar. There is beauty in the world as well as ugliness, idealism as well as realism.

2. This is really covered by 1. It may be added, however, that anyone, even an artist, becomes liable to criticism when his work gives a distorted idea of truth.

3. This question seems to me involved. However, aside from their other reasons for accepting or rejecting books, publishers can hardly be criticised for refusing to bring out books that do not promise a reasonable return on the investment. They are engaged in a business and not in a missionary enterprise.

4. When Negroes feel that they are imperfectly or improperly portrayed, they should find the way to truthful portrayal through any possible channel. Any plant that is struggling in the darkness must find its way to the light as well as it can.

5. Certainly.

6. Yes.

7. Yes.

General answer: Several of the questions seem to me to suggest that the Negro wants patronage. On the whole I think American publishers will be found to be hospitable; they have certainly been hospitable to the Negro in recent years. What we need to do first of all is to produce the really finished work of art. Sooner or later recognition will come.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

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1. No. The artist, black or white, must be in sympathy with his creations, or creatures, be they what they may be ethically and ethnically. If he is in sympathy with them, he has nothing to fear regarding the effect of his work. His art will justify itself.

2. No, not if he observes the laws of proportion, relation and emphasis. It is the artist's business to portray not merely the typical, the average, but the ultimate.

3. Publishers can be censured only for commercial stupidity.

4. Produce first-rate artistic works with which to kill travesties, as they are beginning to do.

5. Why not? No theme, absolutely none, offers greater opportunities to the novelist and the poet, whatever their race. It is a human situation. If white artists do not discern the potencies of this material in Negro life, the supreme artists in the near future will be black.

6. Yes, to all three questions: (1) But avowed fiction has not done such dastardly damage here as the daily press; (2) the white "artist" who thus takes his material second hand must be flayed; (3) the duty of the black artist is to be a true artist and if he is such he will show the "sordid", the "foolish", and the "criminal" Negro in the environment and the conditions—of white creation, of course—which have made him what he is. Let the black artist not hesitate to show what white "civilization" is doing to both races.

7. No. The cultivated Negro is up against a world hostile to him, ignorant of him, perplexed, uncomfortable, nonplussed by the contradictions arising. No one knows this better than the cultured Negro. It affords him laughter and tears—and out of these, lit by flames of anger, love, pride, aspiration, comes art, in which both the individual and the race are somehow expressed. The Negro artist is going to continue to be mainly concerned with himself, not with any grotesque caricature of him-

self—though he will not despise the broken image. ROBERT T. KERLIN...

Your critic, Mr. Emmett J. Scott, Junior, has every right to pour contempt on my literary gifts; but he has none to attribute to me "sustained contempt, almost hatred, for Negroes". He is again within his rights to find my novel feeble in wit and humour—though his own writing reveals scant glint of either, which I must suppose he is holding in reserve in order to show up my "sustained contempt, almost hatred, for Negroes". At the same time he admits "flashes of ability". But then he attacks Kemble! Surely as kindly an artist as the Negro ever had to utter the exquisite humour of a greatly humorous race! . . . .

When I was a youngster, I was left in command of a company of Zouaves at Port Royal in Jamaica. I was a mere boy. There was brought before me as prisoner a magnificent bronze god of a man whom they called "Long" Burke—he flits through my novel. I stood six feet high; this big fellow stood head and shoulders taller. Well—it appeared that he had knocked the stuffing out of a little black corporal, which is bad for discipline, and, being no hanging judge, I was grieved and worried when, to my relief, the corporal said he wished to add that Burke had always been a good soldier and he, the corporal, may have been over-impatient with him. I took it as a case of attempted murder with a recommendation to mercy. I talked to Burke like a father, and then told him that after what the corporal had said I would only give him a nominal punishment—changed his charge on the crime-sheet to a paltry offence—and, God forgive me, only confined him to barracks for three days. . . . . When I got back to my quarters I found an orderly waiting for me to tell me that Long Burke had "gone fantee" into the cocoa-nut grove with a rifle and ten rounds of ball cartridge to shoot me, and begging me not to go near the grove until Burke had been caught. Anyway, if I hate Negroes, the Negroes did not hate *me*, since they were prepared to risk their lives to save mine from harm. To cut a long story short, they waited until sunset, when Burke fell asleep, and they got him—took him to the guard room—and reported to me. I buckled on the sword of authority and made across the square in the twilight to the guard room. There the Sergeant-major and the Sergeant of the Guard begged me not to go near Burke who was in the cells foaming at the mouth—he had torn his uniform to tatters, and was sitting on the plank bed bare as Venus, scowling and vowing vengeance. Now I knew that this great mad devil of a man could crack me like a nut if he put his mind to it; but I knew equally well that if I did not close with him there and then I should live a life of misery as long as that man lived. And a brain-wave came to me. I called to the Sergeant of the Guard that I wanted to see Burke—what was he a prisoner for?—told him to throw open the door of the "clink", which he did most reluctantly,—and taking off my sword with a melodramatic air I handed it—in a majestic bluff and a gorgeous funk—to the Sergeant—walked boldly up to Burke who sat as naked as when born, a huge bronze god of sullen wrath on the plank bed—sat down beside him, laying my hand on his shoulder, and said: "Burke, they tell me that you wanted to shoot me—It's a shabby lie." I noticed that the Sergeant of the guard was "taking a bead" through the small window in the twilight on poor Burke—and he was a deadly sure shot!

The fellow said never a word; and the thought of that giant taking me by the throat made me feel about as small as I have ever felt. I turned to the open door:

"Sergeant," I called,—"it's all too damsilly about Burke. Send for his kit and let him go back to his barrack-room, and tell the men it was only Burke's joke. Good Lord! if it gets to the ears of the General that I only gave him three days confined to barracks for hitting my corporal, I shall have to leave the army." . . .

"Burke," said I,—"you would not see me punished for letting you off penal servitude, would you? Come, old man, get into your trousers, and be a man and a soldier! Damme, I've got you down for lance-corporal! Don't make me look a fool!"

I strolled out of the place, hoping to God he would not jump on my back . . . .

Long Burke became the most devoted friend to me for the rest of my service—and he maintained a discipline in my company such as I have never seen bettered. And it was not because of my contempt and hatred for Negroes. . . .

HALDANE MACFALL.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

CHICAGO, JUNE 23-29

Plans for the Seventeenth Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. in Chicago are going rapidly forward. Inquiries indicate that nearly every state in the Union will be represented, eight having already sent in the names of their delegates. Those eight states are: Massachusetts, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, New York, Louisiana, Michigan and Wisconsin.

A number of prominent men and women have accepted invitations to appear on the Association's program and the addresses will cover every phase of the relations between colored and white people in the United States. Miss Mary White Ovington, Chairman of the Board of Directors, has announced that she would go to Chicago and she will preside at one of the evening mass meetings.

The Rev. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church of New York, one of the most fearless and forceful speakers in the country, has consented to address the Conference. Negro youth and its aspirations will be heard from in the person of Counteé Cullen, who has won numerous poetry prizes and whose book, "Color", was published during the year. Another speaker scheduled for the Conference is Dr. John Hope, President of Morehouse College and a member of the committee on award of the Spingarn Medal.

One of the speakers, who will appeal immensely to the N. A. A. C. P. audience because of his valiant service in the defense of Dr. Ossian H. Sweet in Detroit, is Clarence H. Darrow, the noted attorney who will also address one of the large night mass meetings. Others who will address the Conference include Bishop Archibald H. Cary, of Chicago, Bishop of the A. M. E. Church; and Mrs. Addie W. Hunton, President of the Empire State Federation of Women's Clubs.

In connection with Mrs. Hunton's address at the Conference, it should be especially noted that the N. A. A. C. P. intends in Chicago to emphasize the part played by colored women in dealing with the problems of race relations and especially by contact of white and colored women as a means toward understanding and removing present difficulties.

One of the features of the Conference will be an address by William Pickens, Field Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., on the fight being waged against the "white primary" law of Texas whereby colored people are effectually deprived of the ballot in the southern states. The case is now docketed in the Supreme Court Calendar and is expected to be heard before that tribunal during the year. Mr. Pickens, having toured Texas on his way to the West Coast, and visited the city of El Paso, Texas, in which the white primary case originated, is prepared to tell the entire story of the contest from its beginning.

Meanwhile, Chicago has been working hard at the preparations to receive and to entertain the delegates and visitors to the Conference. Under the leadership of Dr. Herbert A. Turner, President of the Chicago Branch, the full machinery has been set up and is in working order. The heads of the various Chicago Conference committees are as follows:

President of Branch and General Conference Chairman, Dr. Herbert A. Turner.

Secretary of Conference Committee, Dr. Robert McEwen.

Chairman of Conference Committee on Finance, Dr. Carl G. Roberts.

Chairman of Program Committee, Dr. Spencer C. Dickerson.

Chairman of Music Committee, Dr. Roscoe C. Giles.

Chairman of Committee on Churches, Mr. Harvey A. Watkins.

Chairman Publicity Committee, Dr. William H. Benson.

Chairman Citizens Committee, Mr. Oscar W. De Priest.

N. A. A. C. P. PRIZE BABIES

Lina Jackson
2nd Prize, Louisville, Ky.

Thomas Doleman
3rd Prize, Louisville, Ky.

Edith Due
1st Prize, Danville, Ill.

Betty Jane White
1st Prize, Columbus, Ohio

Robert Tribbitt, Jr.
2nd Prize, Columbus, Ohio

Robert Short
3rd Prize, Danville, Ill.

Wilhelmina Bright
1st Prize, Louisville, Ky.

Gertrude Evans
3rd Prize
Charleston, W. Va.

Alma Murray
3rd Prize, Columbus, Ohio

Marvin Brown
1st Prize
Salt Lake City, Utah

Frances Mayes
2nd Prize, Danville, Ill.

Joseph Ray, Jr.
4th Prize, Louisville, Ky.

Chairman Housing Committee, Dr. John W. Burrell.

Treasurer of Conference Fund, Dr. N. A. Thorne.

The headquarters of the Conference have been established at the Pilgrim Baptist Church, 33rd Street and Indiana Avenue, and all business sessions during the daytime will be held there. The opening mass meeting of the Conference, on Wednesday night, June 23, will be held in the Bethesda Baptist Church, 53rd and Michigan Avenue. This is the church that was bombed in October of 1925. Other meeting places already arranged for are the Ebenezer Baptist Church, 45th and Vincennes Avenue, the Wendell Phillips High School and the Municipal Auditorium seating 4500 people.

Beginnings of the N. A. A. C. P.

Reminiscences

MARY WHITE OVINGTON

I AM getting at the age of reminiscence. I find myself looking back to twenty years ago when I started in my work for the Negro. I had a fellowship in 1905 from Greenwich House to investigate conditions among Negroes in New York. I wanted to establish a settlement house in New York, having been for seven years a settlement worker among whites, and Mary Simkhovitch suggested that I know something of my subject first. One of the first persons I met after I had begun my investigations was the late John E. Milholland, as sincere, enthusiastic, lovable a friend as the Negro ever had. You all remember his glorious spirit and how uncompromising he was in his battle for the Negro's rights. In 1907 he started the Constitution League, a national organization with headquarters in New York. I was proud to be a member of its Board. I met the Reverend Hutchins Bishop, a man of wide acquaintance and much knowledge of my subject, and I frequently visited Dr. Brooks in his little study at St. Marks. I read every word that Archibald Grimké wrote for the *New York Age*. I tried to write but almost everything was closed to any word on the Negro but one which endorsed industrial education as the solution of the race problem. Dr. Du Bois had broken into the *Atlantic Monthly* by the sheer force of his genius, but no one could follow him. McClure asked for an article on my investigations, but when I sent them a story that showed the Negro in a self-respecting light he turned it down. *The Independent*, with Ward as editor, was always true to its original stand and still printed virile articles. But the *Evening Post* was our greatest stronghold. (I wish Mr. Villard had not dropped so wholly out of our circle. But I suppose we must expect with the growing years to miss more and more of our old friends. Long before there was an N. A. A. C. P. there was a Garrison in New York setting forth in his larger *Liberator* the wrongs of the Negro race.)

It was to Mr. Villard that I owed one of my trips South. It was in 1907. I was in the city, helping the committee on Fresh Air Outings for colored children, working with Mr. Milholland to persuade Mr. Phipps to put up a model tenement in a Negro section, when the *Evening Post* asked me to report the Niagara Movement and the National Business League. The Niagara Movement was meeting at Harper's Ferry in early July. I accepted the appointment eagerly and it was the beginning of my doing a good deal of such reporting for the *Post*. I was already an ardent disciple of the Du Bois School, and I never enjoyed any meeting, I am afraid, not even one of our Conferences, as much as I enjoyed that first meeting at Harper's Ferry. Think what a place to meet! Harper's Ferry drenched in memories of John Brown, and with such a tune as *John Brown's Body* to start each meeting with, a tune possible for even a musical moron to sing! I learned at that time of an organization that was doing exactly the work that the N. A. A. C. P. was later set out to do. I learned to know many noble colored men and women who had suffered for the cause of Negro rights. "Duties not rights" was then the watchword of the Booker Washington group, but at Harper's Ferry they were not afraid to speak of Negro rights. But, I think, ex-

cepting the principal of Storer College, where we met, I was the only white person there.

There is no doubt that Dr. Du Bois could at that time, if he had so wished, have built up an organization such as we have now. But Dr. Du Bois is intensely a race man. His work, whatever it may be, must belong to him and to his race alone.

The Negro Business League met in Atlanta just before the race riots and the most exciting part of my stay there to me was riding in an open carriage through the Atlanta streets with Max Barber. I suppose they didn't lynch him because they thought I was colored. Mr. Barber was at that time publishing *The Voice of the Negro*, an excellent beginning for a fine magazine, but his place was raided during the riots and he came North.

I spent all of the winter of 1906 and 1907 in the South and came back to find that Mr. Phipps had completed his tenement on West 63rd Street. I lived in one of the small apartments there for a year but I could not interest him in starting a settlement. So I had to give up what I always thought would have been a delightful experiment in bringing white and colored people together and content myself with starting the N. A. A. C. P. You see, despite Mr. Russell's dramatic announcement at Denver that "the truth must now be told", and that he with Mr. Walling started our movement, I stand by the story that we have printed in the pamphlet "How the N. A. A. C. P. Began". There was a lot of enthusiasm around at that time both in the Liberal Club and in other radical organizations regarding the Negro, but there was little knowledge. When Mr. Walling threw down his challenge for an organization with the spirit of the abolitionists, I wrote him asking that we might meet. I knew that he had called upon the spirit that was needed and that it was absent in the Committee on Economic Conditions Among Negroes (a precursor of the Urban League), and in other committees of which I was a member sponsored by whites. Mr. Milholland was on the right track, but his Constitution League did not seem to grow.

The matter of who or who did not start the National Negro Committee, later to become the N. A. A. C. P., is of course of not the slightest importance save as it affects the verity of our official record. Probably Mr. Russell was invited to that historic first meeting and for some reason was unable to get there. So his name fails to appear. The fact of such invitation certainly should be noted in our next edition. For however important or unimportant may have been the part Mr. Russell took in starting the Association he certainly performed a service at the first conference that will never be forgotten by those who were present. I wish we could have radioed that last evening's proceedings and might "listen in" now. We brought in resolutions. They had to be adopted almost word by word. We had Ida Wells Barnett and William Monroe Trotter, both at the height of their power, with us, both with little belief in our sincerity. But we had a chairman who was not phazed by amendments to amendments and who never for a moment lost his patience. He saved us from being blown up, the pieces scattered to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west. As it was we left intact a new committee to carry on a prodigious, ill-defined piece of work. I left New York the next day, my father had been dead but a week, but letters followed me from a distracted former chairman and a chairman of the Executive Committee, Messrs. Russell and Walling, as to what to do with the howling residue that hadn't received office. They told me I had been very tactful. I should think I had. I had run away!

We had a somewhat hectic first year, trying to keep the conservatives from capturing us and to get money from the radicals to do a minimum of constructive work. Then we nailed our flag to the mast and invited Dr. Du Bois of Atlanta to come to us as Director of Publications and Research. He came in the spring of 1910 And from that time onward no one doubted where we stood.

Our future, I am sure, will be one of great responsibility and large accomplishment. And I think it will prove that we were right in our first conception of this organization, that it should be a gathering together throughout the country of men and women, no matter what their race or color, who believed that there should be no race distinctions in this country, that America should call its colored men and women as it called its white to be "strong willing sinews in its wings".

The Horizon

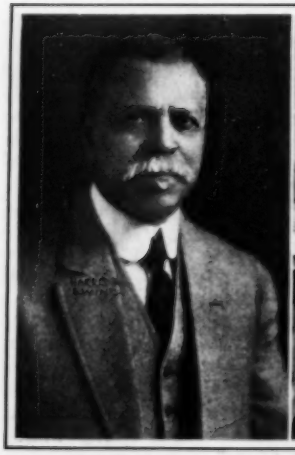
¶ The late Daniel Murray, Assistant Librarian of the Congressional Library, was born in 1852 and died in 1925. He became personal assistant to the late Ainsworth Spofford, Librarian of the Congressional Library, and in 1881 became Assistant Librarian until he was retired in 1923. Mr. Murray was an authority on Negro literature and bibliography and his "Encyclopedia of the Colored Race" in manuscript still awaits publication. He had served on many public committees and was a member of many learned societies.

¶ Harriett Green Price was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1868 and spent her whole life there, dying this year. She was educated in the high and normal schools and appointed as teacher, serving 35 years. Her honest and sincere work, her earnest and upright character, made impress upon the whole city. She was a member of the Congregational Church. She founded a Reading Club which recently celebrated its 30th Anniversary and which was the nucleus for the formation of the Ohio Federation of Colored Women. Twenty-nine years ago she married L. J. Price, a wagon manufacturer of Richmond, Va., who moved to Cleveland. "Mrs. Price was old-fashioned and simple in the extreme. She did no spectacular stunts. She did, day by day, the simple tasks at hand."

¶ Dr. William S. Fisher is dead at Swiftwater, Pa. He was born in Alabama in 1844, was educated at Columbia, and studied medicine. For a long time he practiced at Hoboken and then retired to Swiftwater where he lived his life as a physician, author and sterling citizen. He was a member of the N. A. A. C. P. and a staunch friend of THE CRISIS from its beginning. He was the father-in-law of the well-known author, Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

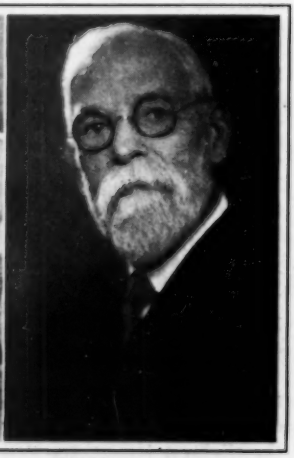
¶ Continued advancement of colored physicians in New York City hospitals is seen in the recent promotion of Dr. Ernest R. Alexander, who, after five years service as assistant in the skin department of Harlem Hospital of the Bellevue Allied Hospitals, has been made Chief of Clinic with the title Physician-in-Charge in the department of Dermatology and Syphilology.

Dr. Alexander became associated with the Bellevue Allied Hospitals in 1920 after serving as interne and receiving his diploma from St. John's Riverside Hospital in Yonkers, N. Y. At the same time he matriculated at Columbia University, Col-



DANIEL MURRAY

MRS. H. G. PRICE



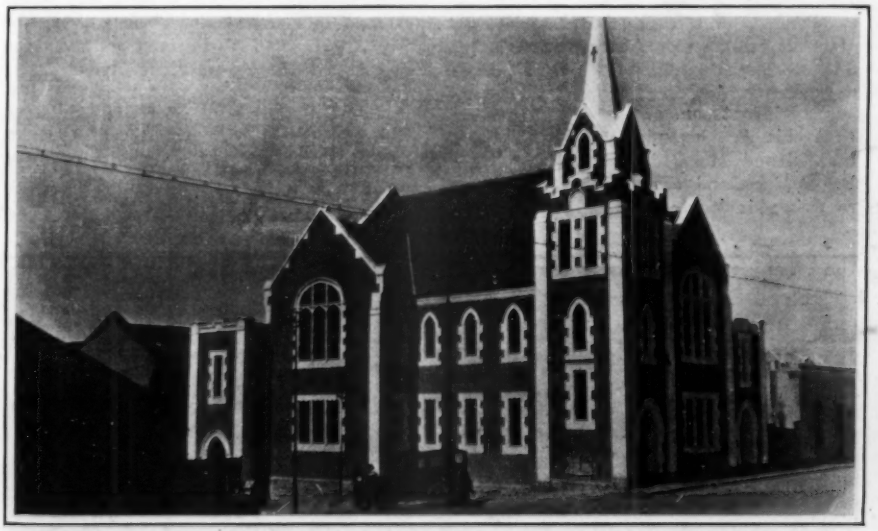
DR. W. S. FISHER

DR. E. R. ALEXANDER A. H. JOHNSON A. A. ALEXANDER

lege of Physicians and Surgeons, specializing in Dermatology and Syphilology. He is a native of Nashville, Tenn., where he received his early education, graduating from Fisk University in 1914. He did his first two years medical work at the University of Minnesota, receiving there the degree of B.S. He completed his medical course at the University of Vermont in 1919, the only colored student in the class, and had the unique distinction of taking all the honors in medicine offered by the university, being "Honor man in Medicine" and receiving 1st prize for "Special Merit in Medicine", and the Woodbury prize for "Clinical Proficiency in Medicine".

Dr. Alexander is active in all civic affairs in New York City as well as in the local and national movements affecting the welfare of the race.

¶ Alfred H. Johnson, who accepts this month the directorship of the Department of Music in the colored schools of the District of Columbia, was born in Philadelphia in 1890 and was educated in the public



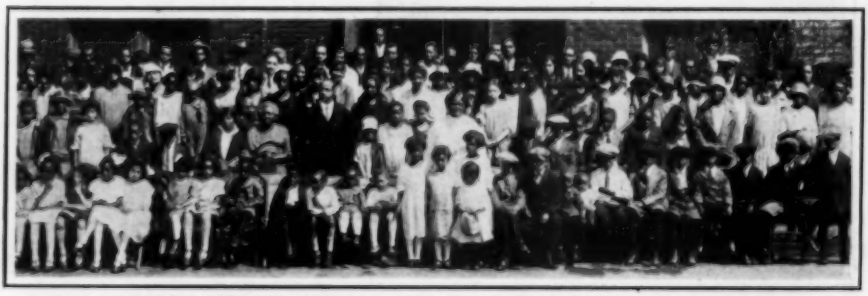
THE NEW A. M. E. CHURCH, CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, ERECTED BY BISHOP GREGG

BROOKLYN NEGROES PROTESTING AGAINST THE FAILURE TO TRY A POLICEMAN WHO ASSAULTED A COLORED WOMAN

schools there and at Drexel Institute. After teaching, he studied at Yale and received certificates of proficiency in 1920 and 1921. The Dean writes that he was "a student of excellent standing". He has been director of music in the colored schools of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and at the Cheyney Training School. He is married and has an infant son.

¶ Archie A. Alexander was born in Iowa in 1887 and educated at the University of Des Moines and the University of Iowa, receiving his degree in Civil Engineering in 1912. In 1920, he studied abroad. This year he has been awarded a contract of $283,000 for constructing the first unit of the university's $700,000 heating and power plant. Mr. Alexander belongs to the Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity and was awarded its laurel wreath last year.

¶ Rev. Spencer Snell, pastor of the Congregational Church of Florence, Alabama, died in March. He was born a slave, worked his way through Talladega College and served for ten years there as pastor of the college church.



MOUNT CARMEL C. M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SUNSET INN, A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HOTEL AT GREAT BARRINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

¶ The Peoples Finance Corporation of St. Louis, Mo., are dedicating a new $270,000 building this month at the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Market Street. The building is five stories high with a ground space 88 x 147 feet. It contains 81 offices, 7 stores and an auditorium and roof garden.

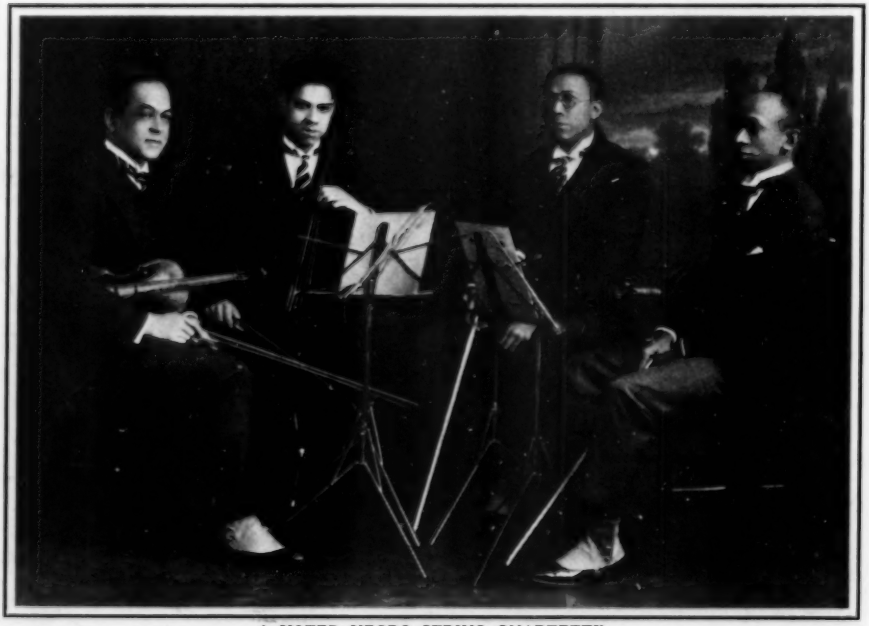
¶ In the semi-annual concour given in

THE NEW HOME OF THE PEOPLES FINANCE CORPORATION AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI AND THE MANAGER, GEORGE W. BUCKNER

MR. SYPHAX, MISS JOHNSON AND OTHERS

place of term examinations in the Art Department of Boston University, Francis Syphax was given first place in the Sophomore drawing from the antique and Miss Celestine Johnson third place in Freshman drawing from the antique. Miss Blanche E. Coleman, Director, is unable to explain why both these prize winners happen to be photographed at the end of the row.

¶ The Negro String Quartette, composed of Felix Weir, first violin, Arthur Boyd, second violin, Hall Johnson, viola, and Marion Cumbo, cello, has been rendering unusually



A NOTED NEGRO STRING QUARTETTE

fine music in New York and vicinity. Miss Minnie Brown, soprano, sometimes sings with them.

¶ Mr. W. F. Trotman, a broker of New York City, has been representing a group of American bankers on the Gold Coast, Africa. While there he has shipped over $500,000 worth of cocoa, the Gold Coast being the great cocoa-raising country in the world. "You may or may not be surprised to know that THE CRISIS is the only American publication I have seen on the Gold Coast. I have found several subscribers far in the interior."

MR. TROTMAN IN NATIVE COSTUME

Mr. Trotman has sent us a number of photographs which which we shall publish from time to time.

¶ In the Senate Hall of the Palais de la Nation, at Brussels, Belgium, the second Belgium Colonial Congress was opened by King Albert, February 6. Former governors-general of the Congo, missionaries and great trading houses were represented, but apparently no Negroes. It was stated that the budget of the colony was two thousand million francs. The king spoke of his own voyage to the Congo.

TELEPHONE GIRLS, GOLD COAST, BRITISH WEST AFRICA

¶ The colored high school of Clarksville, Tennessee, is named after Dr. Robert T. Burt, the proprietor of the Home Infirmary. His picture was recently presented to the school.

¶ The Hon. W. G. A. Ormsby-Gore, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, is visiting British colonies in West Africa on a three months mission. He will study transport, agriculture and education. In former years Mr. Ormsby-Gore has made similar trips to the West Indies and to East Africa.

¶ The colored people of New Orleans celebrate each year the Battle of New Orleans with special exercises. This year George Doyle, Deputy United States Marshal, was the speaker and reminded his audience of the part which colored soldiers took in that battle.

¶ Morgan College of Maryland has recently attained the rank of Class A. Lincoln University of Missouri has been recognized by the Secondary School Association of the Middle West.

¶ The *Trained Nurse and Hospital Review* reports that among 1696 accredited nurses' training schools, 54 admit colored nurses. There is no school for colored nurses in 28 states. Freedman's Hospital at Washington is calling for more nurses and the position of head nurse at $1140 a year with room, board and laundry is open.

¶ One of the Paramount Chiefs in British West Africa has a bound volume of 56 pages containing the names of over one thousand of his ancestors, a record of more than ten centuries. This is not uncommon among African chiefs.

¶ Dr. G. H. Richardson and G. T. Beason, colored men, were elected as two of the eight members of the Citizens Advisory Council of Washington, D. C.

¶ Mrs. Oscar Daniels, widow of the Pullman porter who died in service and for whom a car was named, has received a settlement of $15,000 from the Pullman Company.

¶ George Alston, a messenger of the Supreme Court of North Carolina for more than 30 years, is dead.

CHAMPION AVENUE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM, COLUMBUS, O.

¶ Miss Mila Lewis has been made the first colored clerk in the Board of Local Improvements in Chicago.

¶ The Colour Bar Bill, to keep Negroes in the Union of South Africa out of certain skilled employments, was reintroduced into Parliament in March and was passed by the House but rejected by the Senate. It will consequently be considered in a conference of the Houses.

¶ The strike of the railway employees in Sierra Leone has been lost, the government maintaining that the workers had no right to strike and refusing any concession except a conference.

¶ In New York City ground has been broken for a Masonic temple at 144th Street and Seventh Avenue. It will cost, complete, $440,000.

¶ The honor roll of World War dead in Richmond, Va., contains the names of 28 Negroes.

¶ Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare and William Richardson, having toured the Virgin Islands with great success, also appeared in Porto Rico where they gave concerts under the auspices of the high schools in the principal cities. In appreciation of Mr. Richardson's Spanish songs, the Porto Rican lodge of Elks made him an Elk with the title of "Past Exalted Ruler".

¶ L. C. Wormley of Washington, D. C., a graduate of Dunbar High School, has won a scholarship at Dartmouth to study biology at Wood's Hole, Mass.

¶ At the Republican primaries in Chicago one colored man was nominated for the Senate, three were nominated for the House of Representatives and one for County Commissioner.

¶ Lawnside, New Jersey, seven miles from Philadelphia, has been made an independent borough. It has 650 voters of whom 600 are colored. They have elected James Hemmings as mayor and five colored and one white councilmen. Lawnside has an eight-grade school with a principal and seven teachers, all colored. A two-room addition to the school house is now under construction. The County Superintendent has appointed a board of education of nine members, eight colored and one white.

¶ A colored attorney, J. P. Newsome, at Newport News, Va., has succeeded in having a white man who killed a colored boy fined $600. This is an extraordinary triumph for justice in Virginia.

¶ The American Tennis Association has a total membership of 99 clubs and will hold its national tournament in St. Louis in August. The players have been unusually successful in many inter-club contests in which white clubs have taken part. The official ratings of the players are as follows:

No. 1—Ted Thompson, Washington, D. C.
No. 2—Edgar G. Brown, New York City
No. 3—Eyre G. Saitch, New York City
No. 4—Talley R. Holmes, Washington, D. C.
No. 5—B. M. Rhetta, Baltimore, Md.
No. 6.—E. R. Simmons, Dayton, Ohio
No. 7—J. W. Anderson, Virginia
No. 8—Allan Woolridge, Washington, D. C.
No. 9—Solomon Worde, New Jersey
No. 10—Russell Smith, Chicago, Ill.
No. 11—John McGriff, Portsmouth, Va.
No. 12—O. B. Williams, Chicago, Ill.
No. 13—John Wilkinson, Washington, D. C.
No. 14—Richard Hudlin, St. Louis, Mo.
No. 15—Kenneth Worde, New Jersey
No. 16—George Smith, New York City
No. 17—E. D. Downing, Roanoke, Va.
No. 18—W. W. Walker, Baltimore, Md.
No. 19—E. Gomes, New York City
No. 20—Ross Strange, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies' Singles

No. 1—Lulu Ballard, Phila., Pa.
No. 2—Isadora Channells, Chicago, Ill.
No. 3—Ora Washington, Phila., Pa.
No. 4—Mrs. Dorothy R. Ewell, Chicago, Ill.
No. 5—Nellie Nicholson, Baltimore, Md.
No. 6—Alberta Ballard, Phila., Pa.
No. 7—Blanche Winston, Washington, D. C.
No. 8—Laura V. Junior, Phila., Pa.
No. 9—Mrs. C. O. Seames, Chicago, Ill.
No. 10—Eunice Brown, North Carolina
No. 11—Lillian Hines, North Carolina
No. 12—Mrs. Elise Conick, New York City

Men's Doubles

No. 1—Ted Thompson and Talley Holmes, Washington, D. C.
No. 2—Eyre Saitch and George Smith, New York City
No. 3—Dr. E. Downing and Dr. J. McGriff, Virginia
No. 4—Solomon Worde and Kenneth Worde, New Jersey
No. 5—Dr. B. M. Rhetta and W. Walker, Baltimore, Md.
R. Strange and J. Grinnell, Phila., Pa.

Ladies' Doubles

No. 1—L. Ballard and O. Washington, Phila., Pa.
No. 2—I. Channels, Chicago, and L. Hines, North Carolina
No. 3—Mrs. C. O. Seames and Mrs. D. R Ewell, Chicago, Ill.
No. 4—E. Leonard, New York, and L. Junior, Phila., Pa.

Mixed Doubles

No. 1—Dr. L. C. Downing, Roanoke, Va.; and Mrs. C. O. Seames, Chicago, Ill.
No. 2—Mr. and Mrs. Eugene K. Jones, Flushing, N. Y.
No. 3—Dr. B. Rhetta and Miss N. Nicholson, Baltimore, Md.

Junior Singles

No. 1—Lenoir Cook, Washington, D. C.
No. 2—Lewis Jones, New York City
No. 3—J. Trottman, New York City
No. 4—Reginald Weir, New York City
No. 5—Alfred Walker, Baltimore, Md.
No. 6—T. Calloway, North Carolina

The officers for the coming season are: President, Dr. Harry S. McCard, Baltimore, Md.; Executive Secretary, Gerald F. Norman, Flushing, N. Y.; Treasurer, Eugene K. Jones, New York, N. Y.

Education in Africa

A Review of the Recommendations of the African Education Committee

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

IN 1922-25 the Phelps-Stokes Fund published two reports on Education in Africa, aggregating about 750 pages. The books have not brought much open comment, being long, rambling and difficult to read. They are of importance, however, because like similar reports on Negro education in the United States they are designed to be for years bibles of reference among people interested in African education.

The study upon which these reports were made began with the Committee of Reference and Counsel of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. This body interested the foreign mission associations of the United States, the Phelps-Stokes Fund and the International Missionary Council of England. Thomas Jesse Jones became Chairman of the Commission and with a small committee visited Africa between July 15, 1920, and September 10, 1921, and later between January 15 and August 8, 1924.

THOMAS JESSE JONES

It is a little difficult to be sure about the ideals and conclusions of these two reports and we do not want to do their authors injustice. At the same time this much is certain: Those parts of Africa where real and broad education of the Negro race has been most frowned upon and curtailed are precisely the parts where Mr. Jones was most effusively received and where his conclusions, as there understood, were most strongly upheld. The speech which he made while in South Africa completely won the approval and applause of the worst of the Negro-haters and it was while he was there that he held up and delayed the appointment of the colored American Max Yergan to return to his Y. M. C. A. work in South Africa.

Kenya, as Norman Leys has recently shown us, is that part of the British Empire where the natives have been most systematically raped of their land and reduced to forced labor to such a degree that slavery was actually proposed by English churchmen as an amelioration of their lot. Yet in Kenya Mr. Jones was among the most popular and feted of recent visitors and had apparently the complete approval of the oligarchy which is ruling that province. It is of course possible that these people misunderstood Jones and his committee, but it does not seem probable and for this reason it is worth while to examine carefully and see what basis there is for the assumption on the part of the worst Negro hating areas in the world that the Jones reports are reports that they can agree to and rely upon.

Mr. Jones starts out by acknowledging that as yet education in Africa has scarcely commenced. "They have really made only a beginning." Or again, "The proportion of the native youth in any kind of school is almost negligible". The casual reader who believes in Negro education will without difficulty find many things in these two volumes with which he is in complete accord. Again and again the need of higher train-

ing is stressed: "With the evolution of civilization in Africa education must include all that has been found necessary elsewhere." And, referring to America, Mr. Jones says that the educational attainments of Negroes are sufficient "to convince the most skeptical that education pays from every point of view".

But even here are qualifications; higher education in Africa is needed in Africa not now but in a dim future when Africa is civilized; education paid in America but not the education of Fisk and Atlanta.

Indeed as one reads, one's satisfaction with Mr. Jones' attitude grows less and less, because in nearly every case where he advocates broad training for Negroes he is careful to add qualifications; and the qualifications fall invariably into two classes: One is to ridicule and decry the prevailing type of higher education in the world so far as Africans are concerned; and the other is to stress that training which will make black labor most profitable for the white exploiter. Sometimes the author would seem to make a general attack upon education in the universities the world over but whether Mr. Jones really means this or not is not clear. It is, however, absolutely clear that he means that Africans should not be trained as white Europeans are trained; that on the contrary,—and this is the meat of the Jones thesis,—Africans should be trained to be content with their present condition; to be submissive, peaceful and industrious; and to work in such ways and under such circumstances that their labor will be most profitable for the countries that are exploiting Africa.

Lest these statements seem extreme let us take some of Mr. Jones' actual words. They must, of course, be taken somewhat out of their context and are liable, therefore, to some misinterpretation. But we will try to be fair. He advocates, for instance, institutions for higher education in each colony but immediately qualifies this by saying, "The present need for this stage of education is very limited". (East Africa p. 43). He warns that education must be "vocational and practical" and not "bookish". He sneers at "literary acquirements" as the "be-all and end-all of education". He inveighs against "the wholesale transfer of the educational conventions of Europe and America to the peoples of Africa".

One understands this criticism. We have need of vital connection between life and teaching but how shall we get it? By reforming higher training or by cutting it off altogether? Of course, for white folk, everybody would advocate reform which would make higher training broad and effective, designed to teach civilization to modern men. But for blacks Jones has no such program.

Especially does he show his animus when he is making specific recommendations for the very few higher schools in Africa. In the whole thousands of miles of West Coast, for instance, there is only one school that is training Negroes for European universities and that is Fourah Bay College in Sierra Leone. Mr. Jones shows singular lack of enthusiasm for this college. He wants the course modified from its present arrangement "to prepare for an English college". He complains that the one native college of South Africa has instruction which is "formal and rather literary"; but he neglects to say that it is "formal and literary" because it must meet the requirements of university examinations. Does he therefore, advocate reform of these examinations? No, he proposes to deprive black students of the chance to prepare for them and thus automatically cut them off from higher training. In the same way, in the higher schools for boys in Lagos, he wants less time devoted to "the conventional requirements of university preparation". In Nigeria he is not in favor of schools that train for the "conventional requirements of British universities".

Of Liberia College, where the leaders of the little state which has struggled for independence for over a hundred years have been trained, and where high on Cape Mesurado its lonely walls look wistfully over the western waters, the astute Mr. Jones has only this illuminating remark: "Its location on a field of boulders is unsuitable to any instruction in agriculture."

Thus in a vast land many times the size of the United States with one or two hundreds of millions of natives and less than a half dozen schools which could possibly be denominated schools of higher training, Thomas Jesse Jones not only does not find a single school among these which he approves, nor does he recommend any new school or courses of study which would be higher training in any modern sense of the word. His whole criticism of higher edu-

cation for Africans amounts simply to a criticism of higher education today as it exists for Europeans. "The transfer of traditional methods that are failing in Europe and America cannot be accepted by Africa in its present acute demand for the realities of education."

What then can Africa accept? What will Mr. Jones substitute for higher education of the European type? Nothing, in reality. He calls for standards of instruction "sufficiently low"; a "simple" curriculum, and, above all, education of the "right type". And what is education of the "right type" for African Negroes? It is expressed plainly in both reports by Anson Phelps-Stokes. We quote from Page XXIII of the first report:

The time has passed when the old thesis can be successfully maintained that a curriculum well suited to the needs of a group on a given scale of civilization in one country is necessarily the best for other groups on a different level of advancement in another country or section. This was the natural mistake generally made by New England in dealing with the Negro in the Southern states of America immediately after emancipation. For the many as distinct from the few, the results were small in comparison with those that came later based on General Armstrong's vital work at Hampton where education was adapted directly to a people's needs. Here there was real education.

This is false. It has been disproven by a cloud of witnesses. And yet, with an impudence almost unparalleled, it is restated again and again. It is an attempt to distort history and to say that the work of all the great Negro schools,—of Lincoln, Wilberforce, Berea, Howard, Fisk, Atlanta, Biddle, Rust, Straight, Claflin, Talladega, Leland, Shaw, Knoxville, Clark, Wiley, Philander Smith, Benedict, Allen and Livingstone,—that the work of all these Negro schools and a dozen others which were founded between 1854 and 1885, was not a work of "real education". It asserts that the thousand more graduates of the white colleges of the United States had no real education but went out stocked with "high-sounding literary phrases". And Jones goes on to intimate that it is this sort of person who becomes a discontented agitator and has threatened America and will threaten black Africa.

As a matter of fact the main part of the education of American Negroes was not done at Hampton nor at schools of the Hampton type. When Tuskegee and most of the leading Negro industrial schools of the South were established, they were manned and had to be manned by teachers from Fisk, Atlanta and Howard. It was absolutely impossible to establish even the common school system for Negroes in the South without the prior establishment of the Negro college and normal school. Higher education for Negroes was the foundation for Negro education as it is and always will be the foundation for all education and whenever this is denied it is simply because the persons who deny it wish to throttle and stop the education of the masses.

This is the program of Thomas Jesse Jones and the Phelps-Stokes Fund in Africa. They are defending situations like that in Kenya, warning against agitation, seeking to substitute white leadership, white teachers and white missionaries for colored leadership, and decrying and discrediting the educated black man the world over. Mr. Jones' report is filled with proof of this program.

He declares that higher education is responsible for the unrest in India: (West Africa, p. 17)

It is significant that some of the Indian leaders of thought have recently charged much of the unrest in India to the fact that the schools have too exclusively prepared the young Indians for literary and clerical occupations to the neglect of the activities that are more fundamental in the economic and social development of their great country. Thus there has been an over-supply of school graduates who are prepared to write and talk, and an under-supply of those who can till the soil and engage in the great and numerous mechanical operations of the country and share in the social improvement required by the masses of the people.

The ambitious colored agitator is, according to Mr. Jones, "due to the type of education that has been too often attempted in the past. It is difficult to imagine greater errors than those that have been committed in the name of education not only in Africa, but also in Europe and America." (West Africa, p. 58)

About the educated intelligentsia of the West Coast of Africa, the lawyers, the physicians, the civil servants, the merchants and the teachers, Jones has almost no word. One could read both his volumes through and not dream of the type of men who have called and organized the Congress of Brit-

ish West Africa and forced representative government in four colonies.

On the other hand Mr. Jones is curiously enamored of Kenya, of that white oligarchy which recently declared that while Europe might be compelled to emancipate Asia, it could hold black Africa in economic slavery forever.* Of Kenya, Jones says:

Every effort is being made to train the Natives for skilled occupations. The Natives have both the advantages and dangers of a vigorous, capable, determined European population mastering the natural resources by the machinery and methods of a progressive civilization. (East Africa, p. 82)

Jones defends commercialism in Africa and indeed everywhere:

It has long been the fashion to depreciate and to deprecate and often to condemn the influence of settlers, traders and other people of commercial and financial interests in Africa. The futility and folly of indiscriminate condemnation of these groups in Africa are to be judged on the same basis as the thoughtless criticism of the economic groups in Europe or America. These groups are in Africa for economic profit and for the material development of the country. (East Africa, p. 86)

He has the same mysterious and pathetic love for agriculture which characterized the old fight in America to keep Negroes out of professions and industry and out of the cities and on the farms. The reason for this is perhaps best stated in an editorial of the *New Republic*, January 13, 1926:

Throughout the world capitalism with its emphasis on exclusive profits, centralized organization, salesmanship and a scramble for personal advantage is diminishing the comparative rewards of the agricultural producer and often at the same time depriving him of the power of effectively resisting his own economic decay.

Of course the white world wants the black world to study "agriculture". It is not only easier to lynch Negroes and keep them in ignorance and peonage in country districts but it is also easier to cheat them out of a decent income. Moreover it will be noticed that while Mr. Jones stresses the Hampton type of education he does not couple Tuskegee with Hampton. This is because Tuskegee is conducted by colored men and neither Mr. Jones nor the quiet Englishmen who have hired him and the Phelps-Stokes Fund to pull their chestnuts out of the fire want Negroes as the real teachers of black folk unless, of course, they can be guaranteed to have "self-control, reliability, perseverance" and respect for white folks.

The whole meat of the matter comes in this paragraph of Jones' second report:

Liberty, independence and self-determination, with their comparatively unknown or untried experiments, are far more attractive to idealistic temperaments than trusteeship, protectorate and colony, whose failures have been allowed to overshadow their successes. The thought of freedom seems to have more charm than that of direction and discipline and order. (East Africa, p. 77)

Here is the whole thing. Direction, Discipline and Order of black men by white men is Mr. Jones' consuming ideal not simply in Africa but in America.

It is characteristic and expected that all this surrender of religion to commercialism and profit in Africa should be accompanied in Jones' reports by the regulation moral "blah": (East Africa, p. 14)

Observation of religious activities in Africa suggests the value of the following type of questions:—Do the Native people understand the relation of religion to their daily activities? How does their conception of this relationship differ from that of their belief in idol or fetish? Has Christianity freed them of superstitious fears and the degrading elements of their customs?

Selah! And would it not be interesting to add to this the testimony of white Europe and America, who for 500 years have stolen, raped and degraded black folk while gouging and murdering each other in the name of the Prince of Peace, informing Africa how far the whites "understand the relation of religion to their daily activities"!

Small wonder that British officialdom is rhapsodic over Jones, while American mission boards are beginning to refuse to send American Negroes as missionaries to their own people. Thus the Phelps-Stokes Fund is making Africa safe for white folks and emulating Sir John Hawkins who did his slave trading in the good ship "Jesus".

We shall publish next month an illustrated article on Haiti which should be of interest to all believers in Justice and Democracy.

* Cf. "The Thermopylae of Africa, Kenya Colony." Published at Nairobi, 1923.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

THE *Golden Book* quotes a poem by John B. Tabb called "The Difference":

Unc' Si, de Holy Bible say,
In speakin' of de jus',
Dat he do fall seb'n times a day:
Now, how's de sinner wuss?

"Well, chile, de slip may come to all,
But den de diff'ence foller;
For ef you watch him when he fall,
De jus' man do not *waller.*"

* * *

We have received Walter White's second novel, "Flight", published by Alfred Knopf. We shall review it in the July number.

We doubt if a fairer and more interesting summation of the Negro problem can be found than in the 16 annual reports of the N. A. A. C. P. The 16th, for 1925, has just been issued,—54 pages of facts and record. It may be had at the National Office for 25 cents.

The Wichita, Kans., Council of Churches has sent this letter to the Public Library, the college libraries, and to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.:

Our Commission on Inter-Racial Good Will included in its 1925 program the placing of a select group of books on the Negro —about him and by him—in the libraries of Wichita.

We are sending you herewith a number of such books. We trust that these volumes will serve the very largest possible number in the biggest possible way. We should be glad if this contribution stimulated other searchers after truth, whether individuals or organizations, to make similar additions to your shelves.

These are the books:

The Gift of Black Folk—W. E. B. Du Bois.
There is Confusion—Jessie Redmon Fauset.
Dark Water—W. E. B. Du Bois.
In the Vanguard of a Race—L. H. Hammond.
And Who is My Neighbor?—An Outline for the Study of Race Relation in America.
The Clash of Color—Basil Mathews.
Of One Blood—R. E. Speer.
Up from Slavery—Booker T. Washington.
The Trend of the Races—George E. Haynes.
The Fire in the Flint—Walter F. White.
Finding a Way Out—Robert R. Moton.
Christianity and the Race Problem—J. H. Oldham.
The Story of My Life and Work—Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Louis Gruenberg has issued James Weldon Johnson's poem "The Creation" in German translation and set to music for voice and eight instruments. The work is dedicated "To the memory of my beloved master and friend, Ferruccio Busoni", and has been issued in Vienna and New York. The translation by R. St. Hoffmann is singularly happy, beginning: "Und Gott Schritt durch den Raum und Er blickte umber and sprach: 'Ich bin einsam! Ich Schaff mir eine Welt!' "

We have the Third Biennial Report of the Missouri Negro Industrial Commission compiled by Robert S. Cobb, Secretary. It has 71 pages containing studies of education, illiteracy, local problems, housing and industry.

W. P. Dabney's "Cincinnati's Colored Citizens" has already created a furor in Ohio. We shall review it next month.

THAT DROP OF BLOOD

NEWSPAPER reporters are still hot on the trail of Negro blood. In New York and New Jersey three cases of intermarriage of persons "suspected" of Negro blood with whites have occurred lately. In North Carolina J. S. Deese has been suing a neighbor for $15,000 for calling him a Negro. He produced witnesses, as the Greensboro *Daily News* tell us:

David Tatlock talked for the plaintiff, too, and said that Ellison Collins told the witness: "I am mad. . . . Well Guy is gone. I ran Guy off. He was going to see Eunice Deese and I don't like it. They are Negroes, half-Negroes, and I don't like it." The witness replied to the defendant: "I don't think so, Mr. Collins." A little later Defendant Collins said: "If they marry they may have children, and children come up there calling me grandfather and be half Negro and I would haul away and knock the stuffing out of them."

But the judge non-suited Deese on the ground that

no recovery can be made in the absence of allegation and proof of special damage, and that unless the words impute some offense against the law, some contagious disease tending to exclude from society, or something which may affect one injuriously in his office, profession or occupation, there is no recovery possible.

Our Southern white friends had better walk softly in these precincts because there's a lot of black blood loose in America. We are reminded of the proposal in the South Carolina Convention of 1895 to declare a person with "any Negro blood" a Negro. Ben Tillman's brother was "very feeble" but he tottered to his feet and was (according to T. D. Jervey's newly published "Slave Trade")

mortified to see that the gentleman from Newberry (Mr. Sligh) and the gentleman from Edgefield (Mr. B. Tillman) goaded and taunted into putting in the constitution, that no person with any trace of Negro blood should intermarry with a white person and that for such marriage the Legislature should provide punishment even beyond that of bastardizing children and adulterizing marriage. Mr. Tillman said that the Mississippi law forbidding marriage between white people and those with more than one-eighth Negro blood is the old South Carolina law. If the law is made, as it now stands, respectable families in Aiken, Barnwell, Colleton and Orangeburg will be denied right to intermarry among the people with whom they are now associated and identified. At least one hundred families would be affected, to his knowledge. They had sent good soldiers to the Confederate Army, and are now landowners and taxpayers. He asserted, as a scientific fact that there was not a full blooded Caucasian on the floor of the Convention.

Mr. George D. Tillman's effort was successful and a man is a Negro in South Carolina only if he has "one-eighth or more" of Negro blood.

THE "JIM CROW" SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

THE International Sunday School Convention which met at Birmingham, Alabama, expected 300 Negro delegates. Our correspondent slipped in one morning and found just eight colored people "sitting off in a little pen by themselves"!

The white heathen present, however, got some hot shot here and there. Dr. W. C. Poole of London said:

We hear a lot about the superiority of this race and that race. I often say to myself, and I mean it, "If there are to be only Anglo-Saxons in heaven, I do not want to be there. If we once accept the fatherhood of God, we must have members of every nation, race and kindred as our brothers. Unless Christians are glad to be brother to everyone of the nearly two billion people on this planet, they are crucifying Christ anew and putting Him to an open shame.

Dr. W. W. Alexander, the white Georgia leader of the Inter-Racial movement, created "a furore," according to the Birmingham *Age-Herald:*

The great race problem that confronts the United States is an international problem, one that confronts every nation, Dr. Alexander declared.

It is a question of how far the majority has the right to enforce its opinion as it affects the minority.

In the United States there are 100,000,000 whites and 12,000,000 Negroes, he said.

This majority has decided how this minority shall travel, what educational advantages it shall have, what justice it shall have in the courts and where it shall live.

Negroes are told where they must ride on trains and it is always in the most dangerous coaches, he said. They pay the same fare, but don't receive the same accommodations.

In the south where we have separate schools for our Negroes, we spend $29.72 per year for each white child in school, and $7.12 for each Negro. . . .

In northern universities Negroes are shunned and often never called upon to recite in class, he said. In Indianapolis and other northern cities, Negroes live in territory, three times too small for them.

Negroes do not receive justice in the courts because folk say it won't do to convict a white man on evidence submitted by a Negro, he said.

A country that cannot guarantee protection to every individual by law will ultimately not be a safe country in which to live, he declared. . . .

* * *

Feeling was so intense that a volley of questions were fired at him at the conclusion of his speech in which he advocated more privileges for Negroes.

"Do you believe in the repeal of the Jim Crow law?" he was asked.

"I believe in the repeal of unjust laws and it is unjust," he replied.

"Do you think that educated Negroes are more hostile to whites?" was another question.

"Naturally so. As the mind is cultivated, one sees more clearly the injustices done."

THE STRIKE IN SIERRA LEONE

THE Negro railway workers of Freetown, British West Africa, lost their first strike but this is the way the native press viewed the strike: (We quote the *Weekly News.*)

Every effort of the people towards restoring peace and the resumption of work by the Railway men has proved abortive.

PAGES REMOVED

His Excellency the Governor has studiously kept to his determination in the exercise of absolute firmness and has refused the suggestion of intervention, even though this would mean that the men should return to work on the condition of maintaining the *status quo*—and the reconsideration of the whole question afterwards—His Excellency is determined to punish the strikers and inspire them with the spirit of bondage never again to attempt to resist or disobey the will and orders of their masters. Now that it is clear that the Governor has shown a determination to force the community to a surrender of the most excruciating humiliation; now that it is clear that by methods of intimidation, as are being carried on in the Protectorate, by a policy of torturing—as is manifest in the refusal of Government to open the road from Kissy to Waterloo to no other than Motor-transports belonging to Government—and the people are determined to remain law-abiding, and give not the slightest cause to justify the already serious imputations made against them, it remains for such methods to be adopted to assist the strikers in their struggles to maintain their rights and to win for themselves and their children, the dues which are the inalienable rights of all British subjects.

We would again protest against the policy of "Absolute firmness" in the present situation. It is due to nothing but profound contempt for feelings and views of the people and it is a thousand pities that Government would at such a time be deliberately involving our country into such unnecessary difficulties. Nevertheless he is twice armed whose cause is just. Let there be no bitterness—nor committal of any unlawful actions. Let the people commend their cause daily at the Throne of Grace and they will at the end realize that they that be for them are more than they that be against them.

OUR CRIMINAL RACE

CONTINUAL reports of false accusation of colored people come in. The Baltimore *Afro-American* says:

The tragedy of death lifted the veil of secrecy from around the life of a white man Tuesday afternoon when a bullet-pierced body, blackened with burnt cork to conceal racial identity and hide crime, was found to be that of Harry Ovitz, white, 28, a participant in a daring attempt to rob the Broadway Savings Bank an hour previous.

* * *

The Baltimore *Sun*, Monday morning, August 10, has headlines:

NEGRO ATTACKS GIRL AT SILVER SPRING. VICTIM AGED 16 SEIZED ON LONELY STREET. HER ASSAILANT ESCAPES.

And on Tuesday the *Sun* announces: "Girl recants story of attack by Negro. Mary Price, 16, said to name Robert S. Parkhurst, 22, (white) of Berwyn."

LAW ABIDING AMERICA

SCHOOL boards are without authority to segregate Negro and white pupils in the public schools, the Ohio supreme court ruled yesterday in ordering the Dayton board of education and Superintendent Paul C. Stetson to admit Negro children into the same buildings and classes maintained for white children at the Garfield School there. The decision affirms the Montgomery County court of appeals, which had previously ruled against segregation.

The court's decision was unanimous and was based upon a similar ruling by the court made 38 years ago in cases coming up from Hamilton and Butler counties, one involving segregation at College Hill, Hamilton County, and the other segregation at Oxford, Butler County.—*Ohio State Journal*, Columbus, O.

THAT the board of education, at its regular session Thursday night, will be asked to proceed with its plans, announced more than a year ago, for the erection of a modern school building for colored children, was indicated Thursday.

Despite the fact that the state supreme court has ruled that segregation of colored pupils is not permitted, certain groups of colored citizens are anxious that a separate school be established, at which attendance may be voluntary.—Dayton, O., *News*.

SIDE LIGHTS

CONDITIONS in the South, particularly in the small towns, are so primitive that it is quite impossible often to discuss them. Persons will not believe you. But a little matter like this throws a world of light. We quote from the Polk County *Record*, published at Bartow, Florida:

That Bartow is overlooking an opportunity for advancing its material wealth, in not giving the residents of the Negro quarter paved streets, sewers and better school buildings, is the opinion of Dan Wear.

"I would like to see at least two or three of the principal streets in the Negro quarter of East Bartow paved, a complete sewerage system installed and the school buildings in that section of the city rebuilt or remodelled and fitted with the best sanitary appliances," said Mr. Wear.

"If the streets were paved and the sewers were put in, the people living in the quarter would build better houses and maintain better grounds and the enhancement of property values as a result would give the city a greater bonding power."

Here is segregation quite as a matter of course, discrimination as a logical sequence. Meantime white Bartow is paved, sewered and schooled!